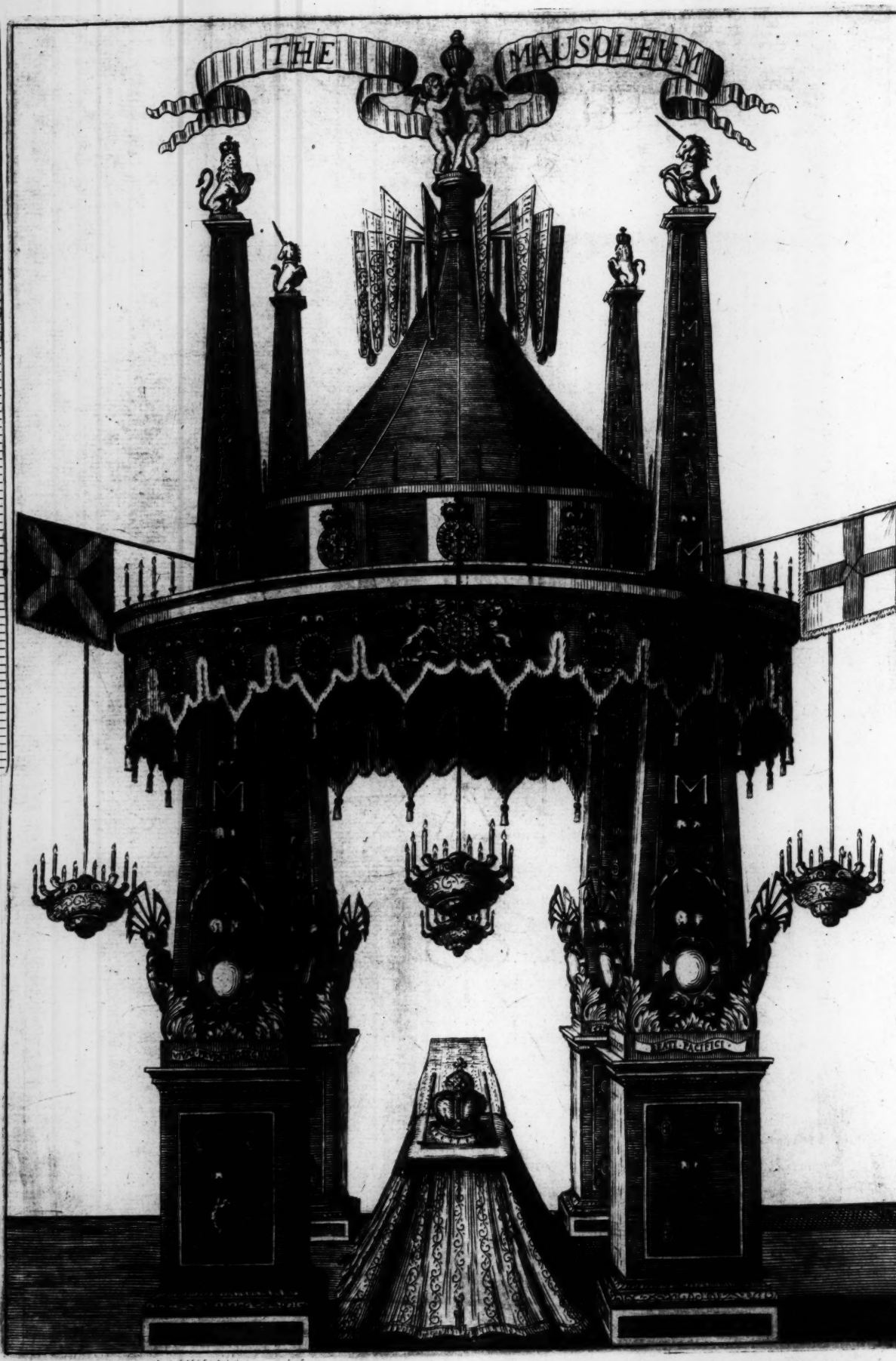
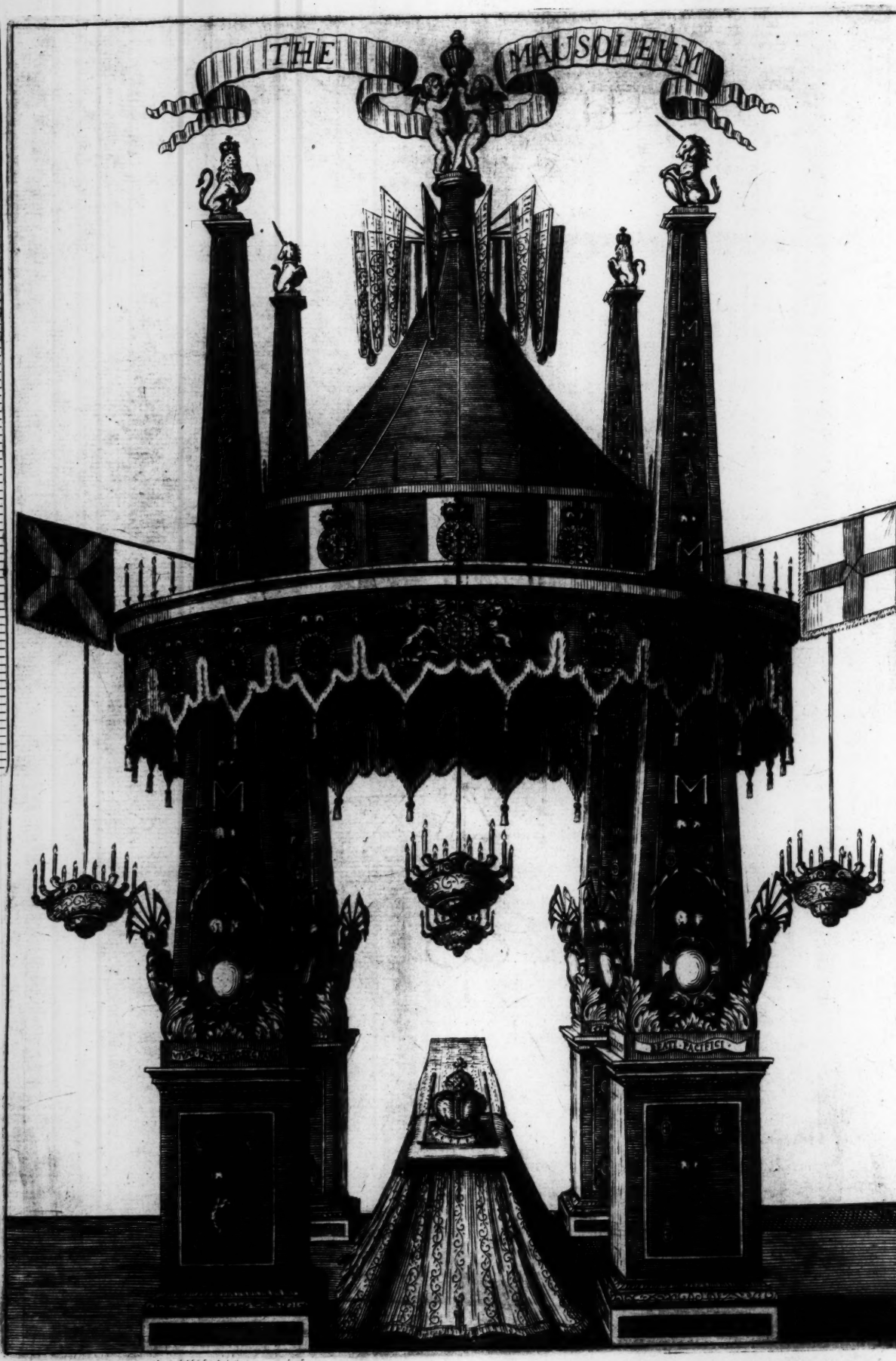

THE MAUSOLEUM


THE MAUSOLEUM

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MAUSOLÆUM:

A

Funeral POEM

On our late Gracious Sovereign

QUEEN MARY,

Of Bleſſed Memory.

By N. TATE, *Servant to His Majeſty.*

LONDON:

Printed for *B. Aylmer*, at the *Three Pigeons* againſt the *Royal-Exchange* in *Cornhill*. And *W. Rogers*, at the *Sun* againſt St. *Dunſtan's* Church in *Fleet-ſtreet*. And *R. Baldwin*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*. 1695. 29. Aprill.

MAUSOLÆUM.

A

Funeral Poem

On Our Late Gracious Sovereign

Queen MARY,

Of Bleſſed Memory.

TO Solitude, but ſuch as ne'er inſpir'd
One Tuneful Thought, a penſive Bard retir'd.
Stretcht as He lay, and lean'd his drooping Head
Againſt a jetting Cliff, the Earth his Bed,
MARIA's Fate and Fame, from diſtant Plains
He heard reſounded by melodious Swains.
He bleſt their powerful Raptures, that could warm
The Tomb's cold Manſion, and make Sorrow charm.
While, Sweetly ſad, their Accents ſtrike the Skies,
He only with diſtracted Sighs replies.

His Groans awak'd the Mid-night Raven's Knell
E'er balmy Slumber on his Temples fell;
When long-abſented *Morpheus* interpos'd
To charm his Sorrow, and This SCENE diſclos'd.

Thrice did the God his drowzy Wand extend,
And thrice invok'd the Viſion to aſcend;
The Signal was obey'd— from ſide to ſide
The Vale, her flinty Arms unfolding wide,
In Proſpect brings the Sacred * *Dome*, renown'd
For *Britiſh* Monarch's there Entomb'd and Crown'd:
Whoſe Guardian-Care, when thither they return,
Is there rewarded with a peaceful Urn;
Where now that ſafe Repoſe their Aſhes have,
Which they, when living, to their Subjects gave.

* *Abbey of* Weſtminſt.

Thus was the Viſionary Fabrick rear'd,
Whoſe Portalls (while harmonious Sounds are heard)
Did leiſurely the ſhining Quire diſcloſe,
As once the ſolemn Stage at *Athens* roſe;
While breaking Clouds a glorious Scene diſplay'd,
Where Gods and Goddeſſes the *Circle* made.

A *Mauſolæan* Pile erected high,
Threatning the Temple's Roof, as That the Sky;
With Starry Lamps and Banners blazing round,
In all the Pageantry of Death is crown'd.

For

For ah! with flatt'ring Pride and Triumph vain,
You Pyramids the dazling Pomp ſuſtain;
While High in State your glitt'ring Trophies Riſe,
Low, at your Baſis, *Britain*'s Glory lies.

Nor Sleep thoſe bleſt Remains in Dead of Night,
Watcht only by unactive Tapers Light,
For thronging Seraphs, from Cœleſtial Bow'rs,
Deſcend to ſtrew the Royal Hearſe with Flow'rs;
Whoſe Fragrance heav'nly Balm diſtilling meets,
Together blending their Ambroſial Sweets:
What Sov'reign Odour from that Mixture ſprings,
Fann'd and Sublim'd by hov'ring Angels Wings!

Theſe Rites perform'd, th' *Etherial* Troop reſign,
To Forms Divine as Their's, the Royal Shrine.

For lo! four Matrons, deep in Sables clad,
(Of Solemn Mien, and Aſpect Charming ſad)
Advance; with each Her Enſigns waving high,
The Emblems of Her Pow'r, or Piety.

Auguſt *BRITANNIA* the Proceſſion leads;
In State the *BELGIAN* Matron Her ſucceeds.
BRITANNIA's Train, in Grandure of a Court,
Her Globe, Her Scepter, and Her Crown ſupport.
BATAVIA with Her own Eſcutchions grac't,
Where Lions Rampant graſp Her Arrows faſt.

* *EUSEBIA* next appears, in Pomp divine, * *Church of* England.
See how Her Mitre, and Her Croſier ſhine!
* *IRENE* brings the Rear, ---but She, forlorn! * *Proteſtant Church of* France.
No Badge but of Diſtreſs before Her born.
A Wreath of *Lillies* Her ſad Herald wore,
But *Lillies* Crimſon'd in Her Off-ſpring's Gore!

Now to their ſundry Stations they diſperſe,
The high-arch'd Inlets to the Sov'reign Hearſe;
Where ſolemnly each Matron takes her Stand,
With each a fuming Cenſer in her Hand.
All Mute a while, with awful Sorrow ſtrook,
Till *Belgia* thus in troubled Accents ſpoke.

When late to *Albion*'s Throne I did reſign
The Princeſs, I ſtill thought, ſtill found Her mine,
While, like *Aurora*, from beyond the Streams;
She, brightly Riſing, reacht me with Her Beams;
Warm Luſtre ſhot, that did my Griefs beguile,
And in Her Abſence made our *Hague* to ſmile;
So *Cinthia*, when ſhe takes her Sphere above,
Shines down, and gilds Her once-frequented Grove.
So *Cinthia* mounts Her Wain, for publick Good,
Tho better pleas'd, Retir'd within Her Wood.
But, ah! what Halcyon Days on *Europe* ſhone,
When *Cinthia* with her *Phœbus* grac'd one Throne!
Charm'd by their Godlike Reign, ſo juſt and mild,
My States to Monarchy grew reconcil'd.

Britain and *Belgia*'s Bleſſings to compleat,
They made, from diſtant Shores, our Intereſt's meet.
Not ſo, when blind in fury heretofore,
With Naval Thunder we each other tore;
While both, by mutual Tragick Wounds brought low,
Made Scenes of Paſtime for the Common Foe.
Inſulting o're the Sight, the Tyrant ſtood,
While our ſad Wrecks enrich'd the guilty Flood,
Bluſhing with *Britiſh* and *Batavian* Blood.
'Twixt treach'rous Courts thus was Ambition bred,
While our Exhauſted Veins the Monſter fed.
But when her Fangs with Terror ſhe diſclos'd,
Heav'n and my *Naſſau*'s Virtue interpos'd.
Convulſions ſeiz'd me when he left my Shore.
Not *Ariadne* fear'd for *Theſeus* more;
Such doubtful Hopes poſſeſt the *Colchian* Maid,
When *Jaſon* his adventrous Task eſſay'd.
At laſt I ſaw Him fixt on *Britain*'s Throne;
And bleſt the Day, and thought the Storm o'er-blown:
Yet, from Alarms ſecur'd of *Gallick* Pow'r,
A haſty Tomb do's half my Joys devour.

Ah how transform'd from what I was of late!
How bleſt, ye Pow'rs, how proſp'rous was my State!
My flouriſhing Towns with Pleaſure I ſurvey'd,
The World's great Mart and Seat of Commèrce made;
Cov'ring with floating Colonies the Main,
While *Gallick* Rage at Home I could ſuſtain;

Viſit both Poles, to Spicy Climates run,
And ſpread my Naval Wings before the Riſing Sun.

No more can populous Towns, or ſwelling Seas,
The ſtronger Deluge of my Grief appeaſe,
My Spicy *Eaſtern* Groves no longer pleaſe.
Matrons ſad Vigils through my Cities keep,
With ſtreaming Tears my Saylors ſwell the Deep;
There *Tritons*, ſtarted from their Coral Cells,
Rang'd on the Rocks to *Dirges* tune their Shells:
On ſep'rate Cliffs their penſive *Nereids* ſit,
No chearful Song or am'rous Glance admit;
No more with Pearl and Amber deck their Head,
But Mourn, forlorn, their *Amphitrite* Dead,
From Dawn to Duſk, and weep the Stars to Bed.

Ye Winds that waft my freighted Fleets away
Neglect your Charge; let uſeleſs Traffick ſtay
Till you to *Java*'s Iſle my Sighs convey.
Fate's Triumph over Nature there proclaim,
And ſay, *MARIA*'s nothing but a Name!
A Hearſe, an Urn, as Vulgar Mortals are;
To Earth no more, but to the Skies a Star.

She ſaid----- *IRENE* next her Plaints addreſt,
Plaints, which her Looks too ſenſibly expreſt:
An Exile from her Native Shore ſhe fled,
By Innocence and Mourning Angels led.

While ſlowly from the hallowed Floor ſhe rears
Her Eyes, ſtill Orient through a Cloud of Cares,
May's brightneſs mix'd with *April*'s Gloom appears;
A pearly Show'r Her fairer Face bedews,
While Thus, what Paſſion dictates, She purſues;

Is Mis'ry boundleſs? Can we never know,
In Wretchedneſs the outmoſt Sphere of Woe?
Condemn'd, on Cruelties Inhumane Stage,
To all the Shapes of perſecuting Rage;
Bereav'd of ev'ry Bleſſing I Enjoy'd,
My Temples Sack'd, my Votaries Deſtroy'd;
Till with my Sons expos'd (a poor Reſerve!)
To foreign Bondage, or at beſt to Starve.
Theſe Injuries Suſtain'd, ah! vain Belief!
I fondly deem'd the laſt Degrees of Grief.
But here a weeping Penitent I come,
To Mourn my Error at *MARIA*'s Tomb!
Rank'd with Divine *Eliza*, diſtant Fame
Early reſounded my *MARIA*'s Name,
But when that Brighter Phœnix I Survey'd,
I bleſt the Fate that me an Exile made;
Forgave, and for my Perſecutors Pray'd.
Me, Proſtrate and Aſtoniſh'd at Her Charms,
The Royal Saint rais'd, gently to Her Arms;
In haſt She ſtept from Her Imperial Throne,
To dry my Tears --- but not reſtrain'd Her Own.

Ah!

Ah ! where is all that Heav'n of Pity Fled ?
Life's Sov'reign Patroneſs Her Self is Dead !
Death reap'd in Her the full *Revenge* He Crav'd,
Reprizal made of all the Lives She Sav'd.
Now Tyrants, with uninterrupted Joy,
May you once more your meager Fiend Employ,
Give Famine new Commiſſion to Deſtroy.
No more ſhall ſtreaming Charity o'erſpread
The thirſty Vales, in Thouſand Currents led,
Fate's envious Hand
Has here Seal'd up the gen'rous Fountain's Head.

Inſtruct me, Grief, unable to ſuſtain
Thy preſſing Weight, to whom ſhall I Complain ?
To Earth or Skies ? --- 'Tis they that have Engroſs'd,
'Tis they that ſhare the Treaſure I have loſt.
To Seas ? --- 'There *Thetis* Comfortleſs appears,
And for *Her Self* reſerves the Ocean's Tears.
To gentle Winds and Air if I Complain,
They can but Sigh, and Sigh like me in Vain !
Nature Replies, when her Relief I try,
That She has loſt, and grieves as much as I.
Or would I to *MARIA's* ſelf Addreſs,
(The Royal Refuge of my paſt Diſtreſs)
The Queen of Pity I no longer find
Enthron'd, but here (ah ! fatal Change) Enſhrin'd.
High rapt in heav'nly Bow'rs Her Spirit remains,
Her breathleſs Reliques a deaf Tomb contains ;

Them

Them, ſleeping here, my Cries no more can move
Than reach her Soul's tranſcendant Sphere above!

Ye happier Rivals in our Common Grief!
You mourn, but not, like me, without Relief.
Britain and *Belgia* through the Main can roam,
Enrich'd with Treaſures of Both *Indies* come,
And, like an Altar, deck *MARIA*'s Tomb.
Her Hierarchy does fair *Euſebia* bleſs,
Secure She does Her ſacred Rights poſſeſs,
And ſtores of grateful Incenſe can addreſs.
What Tribute to Her Aſhes can I give,
Who only did by Her Indulgence live?
A Wretche's laſt Reſerve I will beſtow,
My Tears ---- but ſee ---- They, uncommanded, flow!
Like Weeping *Niobe*'s their Streams renew:
O that, like Her, I could turn Marble too!

She ceas'd — *ELISEBIA* then her Starry Head
With mournful Grace unveil'd, and, ſighing, ſaid.

If Strangers can ſuch deep Concern expreſs,
What Accents will ſuffice for my Diſtreſs!
Of theſe Remains can I ſuſtain the Sight,
Who claim a Subject's and a Daughter's Right;
Nurs'd with her warmeſt Beams, whoſe Luſtre fill'd
My Front with Stars, and did my Mitre gild.

She fix'd my Altars firſt, Her Guardian-Care;
Then to enlarge my Courts did gen'rous Schemes prepare.
Adorn'd my Shrines with Lamps ſo heavenly bright,
They cou'd at once Aſtoniſh and Invite.
Me, ſwift-advancing Glory did preſage
Once more Triumphant o'er the *Dragon*'s Rage.
Eve, new created, no ſuch Pleaſure took
Her own bright Form diſcov'ring in the Brook;
And, whereſoe're Her raviſh'd Eyes She threw,
Still to have blooming Paradiſe in view.
So I at my own Happineſs admir'd ——
Ah where are now thoſe golden Dreams retir'd?
Their faint Idea my ſick Thought employs,
A cold Remembrance of departed Joys.

As Ship-wreckt Mariners, on ſome bleak Shore,
The Riches of their periſht Freight deplore,
Recount its Value, to indulge their Grief,
(Of Wretchedneſs the ſad but ſole Relief)
Let me, the Treaſure I have loſt, declare,
Too vaſt for Time and Nature to Repair.

Be huſht ye Winds, ye Skies ſerene and clear,
No lowring Cloud or angry Wave appear,
While my *MARIA*'s Virtues I recite:
O were my Language like Her Virtues, Bright
The Charming Sounds wou'd Gueſts from Heav'n invite.

Heav'n

Heav'n wou'd be Here, and with Immortal Lays,
My ſelf a *Seraph* while I Sung her Praiſe.

What ancient Poets did, inſpir'd, aver
Of Female worth, was Prophecy of Her;
And what their Age by Revelation ſaw,
Poſterity muſt from Her Story draw.

Her Breaſt each cent'ring Excellence cou'd boaſt,
The ſcatter'd Virtues of Her Sex engroſt;
Nor did thoſe Beams on Her refracted Fall,
She All poſſeſt, and in Perfection All.
Cou'd Majeſty and Mildneſs reconcile,
Hold Sov'raign Awe, yet on Her Subjects ſmile;
And when of Sov'raignty She ſlack'd the Rein,
Charm Duty moſt, and condeſcending, Gain.

Her Thoughts, unruffled with Affairs of State,
Stood like the heights of *Teneriff*, ſedate;
Like *Phœbe* in her Empire of the Skies,
To Glory's *Zenith* did *Serenely* riſe.

Nor only Calm, but Conſtant was Her Mind,
Fix'd as the Centre to Earth's Globe aſſign'd:
A Fortreſs which the Fates in vain aſſail'd,
And where the baffled King of Terrors fail'd.

Chearful

Chearful as Angels, or the Springing Day
That tunes the Groves, and makes the Meadows gay.
For blameleſs Mirth Heaven's Off ſpring is conſeſt,
And Heav'n was ever in *MARIA*'s Breaſt.

Her Words and Actions, all exactly weigh'd
In Reaſon's Scale, and by Diſcretion ſway'd,
Alike from Prejudice and Paſſion free,
Henceforth of Prudence ſhall the *Standart* be.
Her Freedoms juſt, and Her Diverſions taught
To ſhun the very Shadow of a Fault.

Let Heav'n (with Heav'n She Correſpondence held)
Say how my Saint in Piety excell'd.
Its ſinking Empire how She did ſupport,
And to a Sanctu'ry reform'd a Court.
Say, how Her bright Example cou'd diſarm
Eſtabliſh'd Vice, and make Religion Charm.
What frequent Viſits to my Temple pay,
And there Inſtruct Devotion how to Pray:
Where thronging Cherubs did Her Zeal attend,
Ambitious who ſhould with Her Vows aſcend.

But Charity, Her Souls eſſential Grace,
In tend'reſt Strokes was pictur'd in Her Face,
Who like an Angel cou'd at Suff'rings melt,
Condole the Mis'ry She had never felt.

Reliev'd

Reliev'd, till Royal Bounty She had drein'd,
Then with Her Tears th' exhauſted Store maintain'd;
Kind as the Pelican, in Times of Need,
When for Her craving Off-ſpring ſaid to bleed.

Such was my Sov'reign! Such, and yet expir'd!
To Earth ſo needfull, yet from Earth retir'd.
Earth's Harmony, Life, Luſtre and Delight,
Have hence with my *Aſtræa* took their Flight.
Yet ſee! no wreck of Elements is found;
Time journeys on, and Nature keeps her Round:
Our Vales may bloom again, our Groves be green,
No more the Goddeſs of the Spring be ſeen!
She's fled! divine *MARIA*'s vaniſht hence,
And ſleeps with Queens of common Providence.
Like Them, She has to Fate reſign'd Her Breath;
O Triumph of the Grave! O Pomp of Death!
With Her entomb'd -----
Youth, Beauty, Vertue, their Interment have,
O Pomp of Death! O Tryumph of the Grave!

Yet Tyrants live, ah! what can Reaſon ſay?
They keep their Thrones, who Iron Scepters ſway:
Support me Faith, if Faith too feeble be,
Support my Faith, *MARIA*'s Piety.

She pauz'd, and wept.

BRITANNIA, tho' with equal Grief oppreſt;
Majeſtick, thus her Oriſons addreſt.

Hail Saint and Queen, ----- too weak alas that Style!
Hail Heroin and Goddeſs of our Iſle!
My *Pallas*, who cou'd abſent *Mars* ſupply;
And *Jove* withdrawn, like *Juno* rule the Sky.

Empire She priz'd not, tho' to Empire born,
Nor ſought the Pow'r She cou'd ſo well adorn:
Yet held Her Britiſh Throne ſecurely calm,
As *Deborah* within her Grove of Palm;
From whoſe orac'lous Shade ſhe cou'd preſcribe,
And Audience gave to each conſulting Tribe.
My *Regent* with ſuch Grandeur, ſuch Addreſs
In Councel ſway'd; and preſt with laſt Diſtreſs,
Like Her, *Spoke* Victory, and *Look'd* Succeſs.
In publick Storms She heard the Billows rave,
And cheerfully the needfull Orders gave.
With pious Hope adjuſted Her Commands,
And left th' Event on Providences Hands.
Thus, from inſulting Danger She ſecur'd
Her Regency, and thus Her Realms enſur'd;
Such Conduct ſhewn, and gen'rous Truſt repos'd,
Engag'd Heav'ns *Honour*, and Fate's Pow'r fore-clos'd.

She knew what Mein the Sceptre, Crown and Globe,
What Majeſty became th' Imperial Robe;
But from th' Incumbrance freed of Sov'reign Awe;
What Artiſt can Her milder Beauties draw?
What Colours ſhall expreſs? What Pencil trace
The Charms that did Her Converſation grace?

How

How beaming Joys Her Aſpect did adorn,
And how She mov'd the Goddeſs of the Morn.
What Harmony did in Her Language dwell;
How ſullen Griefs Her Accents cou'd diſpell,
While ſofter They than ſhedding Roſes fell.

Methinks I hear lamenting *April* ſay,
Unwelcome now returns my lateſt * Day,
That once eclips'd the blooming Pride of *May*.
The Day that with auſpicious Hours did ſmile,
And gave a Jubilee to *Britain*'s Iſle.
No more that Feſtival ſhall entertain
The Court with Revel or harmonious Strain:
For chearfull Songs, my Bards muſt now retreat;
And *Dirges* breath to ſome forſaken Seat.
Seek gloomy Vales, where blaſted Nature pines,
And Grief with Night her cold Embraces joyns;
Where no freſh Breeze relieves the ſulph'rous Steams,
And Poplars languiſh o'er infectious Streams;
Where never did auſpicious Bird frequent,
Till thither on Deſpair's ſad Errand ſent,
Some Nightingall of Neſt and Young Depriv'd,
Or Turtle who her ſlaughter'd Mate ſurviv'd.

* *The Queen's Birth-day.*

Let there, what never muſt in Crouds be told,
Your mourning Muſe that Diſmal Scene unfold!
Let Fancy there rehearſe in wild Complaint,
The ſickning Sov'reign, the expiring Saint.
When Sacrilegious Maladies, combin'd,
Beauty's Imperial Temple undermin'd.

How ravaging through Her rich Veins they flew,
Till all in one Aſſault------
Againſt Her gen'rous Heart their Forces drew.
While Nature cou'd no more the Fort ſupply,
And vanquiſht Art it ſelf ſtood Sighing by.

* *The gloomy Weather during Her Majeſty's Sickneſs.*

Well may his Sons deſpair, when * *Phœbus* ſhrouds
His baffl'd Head, and ſculks in conſcious Clouds;
Drives wide his Wain, ſhuns his Meridian *Way*,
And through continu'd Darkneſs *ſteals* the Day.

Immortal Pow'rs, can you behold, ungriev'd,
Her Agonies, who Nations had reliev'd?
The Royal Saint who had your Altars crown'd!
For Pray'rs and Alms is no Compaſſion found?
Amidſt Her Pangs, ſee how She lies reſign'd
To your Diſpoſal, while you ſeem unkind!
Undaunted, yet to your Allegiance true,
Bids Death Defiance, but ſubmits to You.
She ſees Diſtraction through Her Palace ſpread,
She ſees the Graces weeping round Her Bed,
Yet ſtill Compos'd; till Her expiring Sight
Her ſwooning Hero.---- Here let deepeſt Night
Her Mantle ſpread, and Nature's Face diſguiſe,
While *Cæſar* ſinks, and while *MARIA*'s Eyes
Cloſing, transferr Their Glories to the Skies.
Oh what Convulſions now ſhook *Britain*'s Breaſt!
Her Sun and Moon in one Eclipſe oppreſt.

As when the Sov'reign of the Ocean, try'd
In Tempeſts, and had *Neptune*'s Frowns defy'd,
Founders on Shelves; conſpiring Tides prevail;
The hurrying Crew, with looks agaſt and pale,
Wringing their helpleſs Hands, the glorious Wreck bewail!
Such Conſternation ſhew'd *Britannia*'s Court,
When Toil and Skill had made their laſt Effort.

Yet, O *Alcides* of our Age, ſuſtain
Thy laſt and greateſt Task to Live and Reign!
This Conqueſt muſt Diſtinguiſh your bright Name,
And write You foremoſt in the Liſt of Fame.
Your Loyal and Addreſſing Senate view,
O pity them, as they condole with You!
See your *Auguſta* too, who bath'd in Tears,
Sad *Europe*'s Repreſentative appears.

Death ne'er is Diſtant when Perfection's near;
Vertue Sublim'd will quickly diſappear.
MARIA's fall'n! Worthy to have ſurviv'd,
Till *Cæſar*'s promis'd Tryumphs were arriv'd;
Till harras'd *Europe*'s Freedom She ſurvey'd,
And crown'd the Halcyon Days for which She pray'd.
Speak You, who Commerce with Immortals hold,
Theſe Labarynths of Providence unfold!
Euſebia ſpeak.

EUSEBIA's Sacred Breaſt
With Rapture fill'd, th' inſpiring God confeſt,
Divinely bright Her Frontlet-Stars appear'd,
While up tow'rds Heav'n Her raviſh'd Eyes She rear'd:
The Temple ſhakes, the yielding Roof gives way,
And Ope's a Proſpect to Eternal Day.
Through all the Dome Ambroſial Fragrance ſpread,
While Thus, in Extaſie, the Matron ſaid;

With Robes inveſted of Cæleſtial Dye,
She towrs and treads the Empyræan Sky!
Angelick Choirs, skill'd in triumphant Song,
Heav'ns Battlements and Chryſtal Turrets throng.
The Signal's giv'n, th' Eternal Gates unfold,
Blazing with Jaſper, wreath'd in burniſh'd Gold,
And Myriads now of flaming Minds I ſee,
Pow'rs, Potentates, Heav'ns awfull Hierarchy;
In gradual Orbs enthron'd, but all Divine;
Ineffably thoſe Sons of Glory ſhine.

From Bow'rs of *Amaranth* and *Nectar* Streams,
(Manſions of Rapture and inſpiring Dreams)
The Hoſt of Saints *MARIA*'s Tryumph meet,
MARIA, all, their own *MARIA* greet.

Behold! a Rev'rend *Shade* ſteps forth, his Head
Mitred in Glory, deep his Veſtments ſpread;

O Pa-

O Patriarch mild! thy Aſpect ſtill I know,
That ev'n on Earth ſo much of Heav'n did ſhow.
Heav'ns Meſſenger to Us Thou firſt didſt prove,
And now *MARIA*'s to the Bleſt above.
O worthieſt Envoy, to the Realms of Bliſs,
Of Her approaching *Apotheoſis*.

Now, pointing up, he ſhews, prepar'd on High,
Her Chair of State and Starry Canopy,
She takes Her Throne, but there inſtall'd, ſo bright
Her Form, I loſe Her in Exceſs of Light.

F I N I S.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Poem on the late Promotions of ſeveral Eminent Perſons in *Church* and *State*.

An Elegy on the Moſt Reverend Father in God, his Grace, *JOHN*, late Lord Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

Written by *N. Tate*.

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